

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1366.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1843.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of a Travelling Physician, from his first Introduction to Practice; including Twenty Years' Wanderings through the greater part of Europe. 3 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co.

THREE very desultory volumes, written without art by a man of great judgment and talent, who has seen and observed much of the world, and aptly describes the countries he has visited, the life in which he has mingled, and the persons with whom he has associated. Physicians enjoy the best opportunities of any class for acquiring the knowledge which alone can render works of this kind agreeable and instructive; and our author has succeeded in producing a mixture of great variety, which may be likened to a judicious prescription for dispelling ennui and (besides informing) refreshing the mind with a quiet enjoyment,—the reader or patient taking either a larger or a smaller dose as the case requires.

Educated in the famed and excellent medical school of Edinburgh, our young doctor came to London in 1819, with his diploma in his pocket, to push his fortune. He had many letters of introduction and recommendation, the delivery of which he relates in a naïve and amusing manner. Thus, as one instance, he tells us—

“From Pall Mall East I descended a little in the aristocratic scale, and made my next assault upon a dapper little doctor who lived in Bloomsbury Square, to whom I had very strong recommendatory letters. He was the very antipodes of my Scotch friend; he wore powder and silk stockings, and though not very far advanced in his professional course, was what is styled in medical parlance a ‘rising character.’ He was under the special protection of an old practitioner, who was putting him by degrees into his shoes, which became daily more easy to their new wearer. He was still upon his legs, and had not even launched his *voiture expectante*, yet the profession looked on him as a rising man. He was established on the neutral ground, or half way between the city and west-end; and there is a very sensible medical line of demarcation. All is city from Bedford Row eastward. The neutral ground lies between Bedford Row, which it includes, together with the squares to the right, as far down as Charing Cross. All the rest is west. North and south were not marked in the medical chart at that time. Now the neutral ground is very thick set with doctors. It is aspiring ground, and the public judge much of a man's talents by the way in which he seems to thrive himself. The city is decidedly plebeian, the neutral ground aspiring, the west-end aristocratic. When young physicians commence in the city, they take a lodging in Fenchurch Street, where they generally reside two years upon their private means, if they have the means of residing there so long. They take no fee during this period, but talk very much of their practice increasing as soon as they have taken one, which is about the beginning of the third year. They talk of having doubled their practice the fourth year, which means that they have taken two fees, and they change their lodgings and remove to Bucklersbury. Here they remain stationary for

some time, and if they do not succeed, put their diplomas into their pockets, and go into the country to practise as apothecaries. If they succeed, however, and get enough to pay their washerwomen, they take part of a house in Broad Street, from whence they remove to the neutral ground and become rising men.”

His first professional engagement was to travel principally in the south of France with a noble lord, who was however past the help of medicine and died abroad of a galloping consumption. Among his other gossip in this portion of his sketches, he thus paints a French provincial physician:—

“We dined early, and the doctor of the village was invited to meet me. He was an elderly man, and was very well informed. As usual, he had taken up the idea of his countrymen, that all an English practitioner's science is confined to the administration of calomel. He seemed anxious to be inscribed a member of some learned society in England; and he asked me if a work which he had published upon the springs might not serve as a title to such an honour. I replied in the affirmative, and assured him that it was a much less difficult matter than he imagined. He asked if the Royal Society was not very exclusive. I replied in the negative, and assured him that there were many medical men much inferior to himself in abilities, who could add F.R.S. to their names. We had much conversation together; and I found that though he was the only doctor in the neighbourhood, and held undisputed sway, still he had not made his fortune. He was not likely to do so soon, in the way he was remunerated for his services. He attended all the families by the year, and received a *louis d'or*, or a guinea per annum, for his pains. He was a right merry soul, and seemed to live in peace and good fellowship with all his neighbours. He lived upon them, too, for he kept no house, as he informed me—an apology, no doubt, for not inviting me to his table. He gave me some instructions about the springs, and lent me his thermometer, with strong injunctions, however, not to injure it, for it had cost him eighteen francs; which was almost a year's salary from the family of our host. The rain continued during the whole of the evening, so I had no alternative but to amuse myself as well as I could with the jokes of the doctor, who was very facetious after supper. I consulted him about my own health; for having indulged rather too much during the carnival, I began to feel some of the old symptoms, and thought that I spat blood. He laughed at me heartily, called me *malade imaginaire*, and told me that my constant attendance upon my patient had hipped me. He recommended me to take a decoction of some of the cruciferous plants, which would cure the scorbutic tendency in my gums, from whence came all the blood.”

On his return to London, where, he says, “I determined to remain quietly, till I could decide finally upon the expediency of pitching my tent in London, or again travelling abroad, my medical friends advised my adopting the former plan: I was disposed to embrace the latter. ‘You must write a book,’ said the old gentleman to me, just as he awoke from his

nap in the back parlour. ‘I want to see you write a book. Where are the young ladies?’ And he took a pinch of snuff, and yawned again in his chair. ‘You may make it extremely interesting, and any of your friends will give it a dash of science for you. The mineral springs in Germany are good food for a physician, and they are of as much service to him at home as abroad.’ When I was told that I must write a book, and that it would be extremely interesting, I began to think that I had more talent than I was aware of. I replied, however, modestly, that my peregrinations had extended only to one foreign country, and I could not well write upon the German springs unless I had really visited them. ‘No necessity in the world,’ he replied, ‘for leaving the city; you will find every thing that you want without going a mile from your own door.’ He then gave me such instructions upon the subject as almost made me believe I had been on the spot, which he told me how to describe. ‘A young physician must publish himself into practice,’ he continued, ‘or he will find it an uphill concern. I have helped more than one in this way. Nay, John Hunter was the worst writer that ever took a pen in hand. I wrote his essay on the teeth for him, and it was a hard job too; for not only could I not understand him, but he evidently did not comprehend his own meaning. It was an herculean labour to him to compose a sentence, and a week's work to make it intelligible, and yet he was a most extraordinary man, and the most laborious one I ever knew. I cannot necessarily know any thing of his medical reputation, but I believe that it stands very high.’ I replied in the affirmative, that it certainly stood very high; but that posterity judged very differently of his talents. Even John Hunter, I replied, has become a party question in this age of cant. The old man laughed heartily at this idea, and begged me to explain what I meant. It was difficult to do so, without going very generally into the author's views and theories of different things. To touch upon the subject of life is at all times a dangerous experiment, and to reason upon life with a man, who, like my companion, had eked out eighty years of existence, was, as it were, taking owls to Athens. I allude, I continued, to the controversies which have occurred lately between two eminent professors; one of whom has built up all his theories upon the foundation which he considers Mr. Hunter has laid in identifying life with electricity; the other, who denies that any such inference is to be deduced from any of Mr. Hunter's writings, and is said to be his antagonist, and one of the new school which confounds life with organisation, or, in other words, French atheism. ‘There is nothing more atheistical, I think, in confounding life with organisation, than in ascribing it to electricity,’ said the old man. ‘Both seem to forget that organisation and electricity have their origin somewhere, and where but with Him who created all things, and without whom nothing was created which is created.’ I do not think that either of them precisely forgets this, I continued, but their enemies are very prone to forget it for them. ‘Whence all this controversy? Why not be satisfied, that whe-

ther life is added to matter, or results from matter—is a function of it, if you please—is the finger which plays upon the instrument, or is the tone which proceeds from it,—what has this to do with provoking ill blood, or causing schism in your profession?" It involves metaphysical controversy, I replied, and finally terminates in cant."

The "old man eloquent" in this colloquy (which extends much farther than we have quoted) was the author of *Dr. Syntax*; but we leave him, to particularise a useful speech of the author's, which he delivered as a candidate to be elected physician to a dispensary:—

"The meeting was well attended. The exciseman was the president, and his son was the secretary, and a candidate also for the secretaryship to the institution. The minutes of the last meeting were read over, and it was resolved that two physicians, two surgeons, an apothecary, and a secretary, were to form the complement of officers to the dispensary. It was further resolved that the physicians must be members of the college, and that the surgeons must be pure surgeons, neither accoucheurs nor apothecaries being eligible to the situation. This resolution gave rise to a little discussion; and my friend, who had been sitting quietly by me all the time, turned towards me as if moved by the spirit, and said, 'We must speak.' 'Just as you like,' I replied; 'I am not prepared.' He chuckled at this information, and immediately rose and made so eloquent an oration, that the whole assembly were silenced by his learning. He asked me how it went off. 'Admirably well,' I replied; and he was squeezing my hand, when to his astonishment he saw me rise, and heard me open my battery in his ears. I know not whose speech was the most approved of; but I know that I spoke five minutes longer than he did, and thought that I had gained the day. I sat down amidst tremendous applause. 'Well, how did it go off?' I said. 'Very well,' he replied; 'I had no idea that you were such an orator.' The fact is, that some years before, and when I was a student, I had composed a speech, which, with slight alterations, would serve for all occasions. It was like the sermon in *Tristram Shandy*, it would suit any text, and any text would suit it. I had spoken it first in a medical society in London, when a paper was read upon the vital principle. It was then the first essay—"the lost virginity of oratory,"—and it went off with applause. I next spoke it two seasons afterwards in the Royal Medical Society in Edinburgh, when a paper upon the symptoms of death was discussed by that society. Here it gained me also some credit; but as between life and death there is but little difference, so the speech required no change, except the substitution of one of these terms for the other. It required some slight changes upon the third trial, when I was to hold forth to a society of ladies upon the subject of negro-emancipation. Still, it was the same speech; 'for what is life (I exclaimed, in summing up) to the slave? is it not death? As long as we are slaves, we cease to live; as long as we are free, we can never die.' I had now, with a few additions and amendments, which did not change the spirit of the bill, made it serve as a palatable dish to a committee of cheesemongers and grocers, who formed the committee for the establishment of this new dispensary. The negro emancipation stood me in good service, and suited the original well. 'We hear of slavery, gentlemen, and of the slave being better off than the poor labourer; should not we blush to allow the truth of such an assertion? And

let me put the question to you, and ask you what is the situation of that man stretched upon the bed of sickness, without the means of procuring such assistance as his case requires? See his helpless . . . wife (a shudder passed through the whole assembly), and his famished children imploring that assistance which, when in health, he could afford them. See him point to his parched tongue; see his anguished lip quiver as he tries to articulate; see him raise himself upon his bed—I should say bedstead, gentlemen, for already has his bed been pawned for a few necessities of life—he attempts to raise himself, and he swoons away; his wife and children believe him to be dead, for between life and death there is but a line fixed, and when we see a fellow-creature in a swoon, can we say what life is? Can we say what is death? It is to rescue fellow-creatures from such a state that your British hearts throb in your bosoms; nay, gentlemen, it is to share your lot with the sufferer, that you have met together this evening."

His canvass is equally entertaining, and his election sure; but just at the close, his opponent created a hundred old ladies subscribers, unheard of till then, by the aid of whose proxies he obtained a majority. The defeated aspirant was next domiciled with a foreign count in Paris, with whom he remained five years on a salary of 500*l.* a year. With a princely family he went to Poland and Russia; but we must leave graver things, and, with three anecdotal brevities, conclude this branch of our subject:—

"It is singular how men may be mistaken in countenances. I have no faith in Lavater. I was sitting for my own portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and there was the full-length painting of the Emperor Alexander in his study. Sir Thomas saw me looking at it, and said to me, 'That is the most perfidious countenance that I ever painted.' How mistaken people may be!"

Of the Jews in Poland it is stated:—

"It is impossible to describe the sensation which their appearance creates in the mind of the stranger, when first he sees them walking about the streets like so many spectres, lank and lean, dressed in a long black robe reaching to their feet, and a hussar's fur cap, or a large slouch hat, upon their heads. They stand gazing around, apparently without any thing to do; no apparent trade, nor profession; neither cultivating the land, nor defending it in time of war; they only seem to cumber the ground on which they tread. This state of inaction is only apparent, for they are a very active, though not a laborious people, preferring the pittance they may gain without trouble, to a competency which common labour would easily procure them; living six days in the week upon black bread, and happy if they can get a morsel of meat on the Sabbath; cooped up in a hovel, lying pell-mell together without chair or table in their room; their bed consisting of a bundle of dirty straw; their garments tattered, leaving their bodies half exposed, for they never mend their clothes; no change of apparel, no difference in their dress, night or day—age alone stripping off their rags; compelled to dwell in the most obscure parts of the town, subject to persecutions inflicted upon them by their own laws and those of the government, which may be said rather to tolerate than to protect them; the sport and derision of those who deal, and often hold no faith, with them. Such is a true picture of this tribe, which is said to amount to more than half a million in Poland. Pale and haggard in their physiogno-

mies, rendered more hideous by their long dirty beards, there is nevertheless a certain animation in their eye, and a cheerfulness in their countenances, which almost lead you to believe they merit less commiseration. They address you at every instant, either to buy their merchandise, or serve as factors, or do any thing you may please to order them; money is their sole object, against making which they have no law; and though they live chiefly by what is styled trick and cheating, yet they seldom rob on the highway, or break into houses; and few classes of men are less castigated by the penal law. They rob without being robbers, beg without being vagrants. Influenced by no laws, and yet so conforming to those under which they live, that they are almost independent of them. There is no means they will leave untried to pilfer you; nothing that they will not willingly undertake for money; proof to all kinds of rebuke; callous to offence. Load them with opprobrious epithets; call them unbelievers, cut-throats, dogs, or spit upon their Jewish gabardine—nothing makes any impression upon them. Nay, I have seen them struck by passers-by, and that with the greatest injustice, and yet shew no resentment even in expression. Give them the slightest pittance, they are content, and will kiss your garment. Detect them in their frauds, they neither deny nor justify them; but if too severely rebuked, they shew you, rather by signs than words, that you can have no pretensions to fair dealings with those with whom you yourself deal so hardly. They are neither destitute of feelings of pride, nor lost to virtue. They are united to each other by indissoluble bonds. They relieve their poor on all occasions, who are never reduced to absolute starvation, however near they may approach it. In this respect they form one large family. * * *

The Jew is the greatest curse to the peasant, and the cause of half his poverty; but those who allow this, allow also that there is no doing without him. They are the servants of every body, and of the peasants in particular; they are the brokers through whom they transact all their worldly affairs, and to whom they apply for all they want in shape of food, clothing, and money. It is singular that, such is the force of habit, the peasants will only deal with each other through the medium of the Jews. * * *

It is dreadful to witness the injustice exercised towards him. If a Christian has wronged a Jew, it is counted to him for glory that he has outwitted him, and the Jew has no redress. Should a Jew wrong a Christian so as to come under the penal code, not only the individual culprit, but the whole of the tribe are mulcted for the offence; and perhaps, after all, the accused is innocent. * * * It is by drunkenness that the Jew lives at the expense of the peasant, whose all passes through the Jew's hands to gratify this passion. There are many in wretched condition, and the squalid misery is appalling; but it fares no better with the peasant. A circumstance also must be taken into consideration. The Jew inhabits the town, and the road-side; he is always to be seen—nay, he lives by displaying himself in public; he is always in view: whereas the peasant hides his misery in the fields—in a low glen, out of public sight, and to be sought for, if to be seen. * * *

To return to the Jews, and conclude the subject by an anecdote often repeated in Poland, and, whether true or false, sufficiently indicative of the profound contempt with which the Polish *schlacht*, or little gentry, regard this once-favoured race. It was related to me

by an officer in the imperial guards; and he only regretted that I did not understand Polish, for the anecdote lost much of its pith by the translation. A schlacht was kneeling before a full-length image of Christ, which was placed with its back towards the vestry, and though it prevented any thing being seen, still, as all was open above the partition against which this image was placed, every thing addressed to it was heard in the adjoining room. It happened that one of the lower orders of clergy was refreshing himself in the vestry, and, over-hearing all that the schlacht addressed to the image, seized the opportunity of practising upon him an innocent deception. The schlacht, after the usual ceremonies and prayers, began to upbraid the Christ for his poverty, and then added—“Master Jesus, Master Jesus, if you will only make me as rich as Prince Radziwill, what good I will do!” The priest, applying his mouth to the back of the image, so as to make the sound appear to proceed from it, answered—“What good would you do, you vagabond? You would only commit more sin and iniquity than you do now, and be a greater drunkard than ever, you rascal!” The astonished schlacht, looking up at the image, could not brook his pride being wounded by such opprobrious epithets; for he was a schlacht, or little nobleman. After a short pause, he replied—“Well, Master Jesus, you can make me rich or not—that is your will and pleasure; but you have no right to call me a rascal, for although you are Master Jesus, you are only a Jew, whereas I am a real Polish schlacht;—and he got up and took his departure.”

We conclude with a German bed, of which we are assured—“To be smothered between beds of down, in the month of August, is no joke. It seems as if the geese would be revenged upon strangers for the tortures the natives put them to; it would break Mr. Martin’s heart, to see hundreds stalk about quite bare from the head downwards, not a feather left upon the breast or abdomen. Unhappy birds! to suffer martyrdom in every country upon earth; at Toulouse and at Strasbourg are you kept by the fire-side, your eyes put out, and your feet nailed to the board on which you stand, to swell out your livers. Here, in Bavaria, you are plucked bare, to be converted into beds of down. He who is compelled to sleep in a bed of your feathers in summer will be in much the same situation as Coleman’s single gentleman. He will require no sudorifics, and he will have so much to compassionate in himself, that he will be unmindful of your sufferings.”

In the second volume, the comparative remarks on national character and institutions, as between England and the continent, are very striking and original. They are put into the mouths of Polish and Russian nobles; but whether they proceed from them or from the author himself, they are equally worthy of attentive perusal. We purpose returning to these volumes in our next.

The Prose or Younger Edda; commonly ascribed to Snorri Sturluson. Translated from the Old Norse by George Webbe Dasent, B.A. Oxon. 8vo, pp. 115. Stockholm. Lond., Pickering.

The researches and inquiries of modern antiquaries and philologists have given a new importance to the movements of the mythology and fabulous history of the nations of the north. They throw much light on the interesting question concerning the affinity of the Germanic tribes with the people of Central Asia; while they explain to us many peculiarities in our own

language and popular customs which the much earlier conversion, and consequent civilisation, of our forefathers had caused to be forgotten at home. As an instance of this, we may point out the numerous superstitions and legends still existing, which originated in the mythology of the times of Anglo-Saxon paganism; and there are words and phrases in the Anglo-Saxon language which would be utterly incomprehensible, if we knew as little of the mythology of the Scandinavians as we do of that of the Anglo-Saxons. For an example, we may quote the intensive syllable *tir* or *tyr*, often found in Anglo-Saxon words, such as *tir-metod* (the mighty creator), *tir-cadig* (exceedingly happy or glorious), *tir-fast* (exceedingly firm or powerful), *tir-mehtig* (exceedingly mighty), &c. In the *Prose Edda* (the translation of which forms the subject of the present article) it is said, “There is, beside, the As (God) hight *Tyr*: he is the most daring and best of mood, and he sways much the victory in fight; on him it is good for wrestlers to call. There is a saw (saying) that he is *tyr-strong* who is before other men, and never yields; he is also so wise that, it is said, he is *tyr-learned* who is very wise.” We would add, that these northern legends not only afford valuable illustrations of our own medieval literature, but they were often the foundation of superstitious legends in the religious creed of the Roman Catholics. The detailed accounts of the punishments in hell (the very name of the residence of the evil deities of the northern creed) and purgatory have their counterpart in the wild narratives of the Eddas.

We are, therefore, glad to see the legends of our forefathers in a popular and readable form. A very elegant manual of northern mythology was published a few years ago by Mr. Pigott. The present volume is a mere translation of one of the early texts, but not the less valuable on that account. It is a very acceptable book; and the only fault we have to find with it is, that it is too literal a version of the phraseology of the original, being in many parts scarcely English, and frequently in need of a glossary to explain it. We object to the unnecessary introduction of new words or new compounds: and we see no reason why an earthquake should be called a *landquake*, or a preface a *foreword*, &c.

The *Prose Edda* is supposed to have been compiled about the end of the eleventh century. It is not a system of mythology, but a collection of several mythological narratives or legends, which give us most of the important points of the early mythology of the north. Even in their form, these legends have their counterparts in a Christianised shape in our early English literature, which also contains many allusions to the earlier Anglo-Saxon mythology. In “Gylfi’s Mocking” and in “Bragi’s Telling,” the mythic creed is given in a curious dialogue which closely resembles the Anglo-Saxon legends of Adrian and Rithæus and Saturn and Salomon, printed in Thorpe’s “*Analecta*,” and in the “*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*,” and also one or two later English pieces of the same kind, printed in the collection last mentioned.

In spite of the wildness of these legends of the north, we can trace in them a close analogy with what must have been the popular belief of the Greeks (still traceable in a few legends preserved by Pausanias and others) before it was woven into the more beautiful system which has been so long received as a part of poetry; and in many points it bears an equally curious analogy with the primeval fables of the people of central Asia. The legend entitled *Gylfi’s*

Mocking contains the northern account of the cosmogony, and of the origin of the gods, their places of abode, characteristic functions, &c. We may give, as a specimen of the style of this singular production, the account of Valhall, or Walhalla, the residence of Odin and the souls of slain warriors, about which the Germans have of late been making so much noise:—

“Then said Gångleri:—Thou sayest that all those men that have fallen in fight from the beginning of the world are now come to Odin in Valhall; what has he to give them to eat? methinks there should be there a very great throng. Then answers Hár: True it is what thou sayest, a very great throng is there, but many more shall yet come thither, and still will it be thought too little when the wolf cometh; but never is there so great a band of men in Valhall, that the flesh of the boar that hight Særimnir is not left over and above to them; he is soddén every day and whole again at even, but this asking that thou now askest, methinks few would be so wise as to be able to tell thee the truth thereof: Andhrimnir hight the cook, but Eldhrimnir the kettle.” A new and very important question soon after presents itself:—

“Then said Gångleri: What have the champions to drink which fills them as bountifully as their meat? or is water there drunken? Then answers Hár: Wondrously now askest thou, as if Allfadir (Odin) would bid to him kings and earls, and other great men, and would give them water to drink; and by my troth I wis many of these come to Valhall who would think they bought their water-drink dear, if there were not better fare to be had there at will; they who had before born wounds and toil unto death; other tidings can I tell thee thereof, the she-goat heit Heiðrún stands up above Valhall, and bites the buds off the branches of a tree that is very famous hight Lérað; but out of her teats runs mead, so that she fills a stoop every day, which is so great that all the champions are full-drunken out of it. Then said Gångleri: A mighty useful goat is she to them, and a right brave tree must that be that she bites off.”

It appears that *full-drunken* means what we call being *laid under the table*. Odin had other halls. “Then said Gångleri: Mickle tidings canst thou to tell of heaven, what more head-seats are there than that at Urðr’s spring? Hár answers: “Many famous homesteads are there; one is that called Elfheim, there dwell the folk light-light-elves, but the dark-elves abide beneath in earth, and they are unlike in look, but much more unlike in deeds; the light-elves are fairer than the sun to look on, but the dark-elves swarthier than pitch. There is also the stead which is called Breitþorblik; and none fairer is there. There is also that hight Glitnir, and its walls and pillars and posts are of red gold, but its roof of silver. There is again the stead hight Himinbiörg, that stands on heaven’s edge, at the bridge end, where Bifraust (the rainbow) toucheth heaven. There is beside a great stead hight Valaskjálf: that stead hath Odin, the gods made it, and thatched it with sheer silver; and there in that hall is Hliðskjálf the highestest thus hight, and when Allfadir sitteth in that seat he seeth over the whole world. On the southern edge of heaven is the hall that is fairest of all, and brighter than the sun, Gimle hight; it shall stand when both heaven and earth have passed away; and good and righteous men shall live in that stead through all ages.”

The latter portion of this article, and the second article, entitled “Bragi’s Telling,” consist of various mythic legends, which we must ab-

stain from quoting, because we have not space to give them in full, and they lose their interest by being broken into fragments. We conclude with an extract from "Bragi's Telling:"—"And again, said Ægir: Whence have ye that craft that ye call songship? Bragi answers: It was the beginning to this that the gods had a feud with the folk that hight Vanir, but at last they held a meeting about a peace, and settled it in this wise, they went both to a jar, and spat into it their spirit; but at parting then the gods took it, because they would not let that mark of peace perish, and shaped out of it a man, who hight Kvásir: he is so wise that none asks him any things that he knows not how to answer; and he fared wide about the world to teach men wisdom, but when he came at their bidding to certain dwarves, Fialar and Galar, then called they him to speak aside with them, and slew him, and let his blood run into two jars and one kettle; they blended honey with the blood, and thereof was made such mead, that whosoever drinks of it becomes bard or wiseman. The dwarves told the Asa (gods) that Kvásir had choked in his wisdom, for that no one was there so wise as to be able to ask him enough about learning." After various vicissitudes, this liquor was stolen by Odin, and carried off to the gods, who moderate its distribution: but in carrying it away, a small portion was spilt in a very unseemly manner, and being despised by the gods, became the prey of "silly bards."

The Scottish Heiress: a Novel. 3 vols.
London, T. C. Newby.

WITHOUT any striking claims to originality either as to story, incident, or character, these skillfully arranged volumes will afford amusement to their readers. To those who, like ourselves, peruse almost every book of the class published from year's end to year's end, nearly every portraiture will bring to mind the form, if not the substance, of an old acquaintance: to those not so deeply versed in fictitious lore, many may come entirely without recognition, and please proportionally; but with very few such will Daft Martha or Ben Blinker pass muster as novelties. The author is most at home in Scotland; the whole of the Scottish scenes are well and cleverly drawn. The London career of the hero, his love for the beautiful actress (one or two of the love-meetings perhaps *un peu trop fort*), his success as a dramatic author, &c., may, however, be read without *ennui*. In the first volume there is a beautiful sketch of a pure and loving girl, a victim to consumption, which must possess a charm for every reader; but we leave it intact, and pass on to a short extract from the same volume, that will afford a fair idea of the tone of the work. A change of prospects has just befallen Kenneth, and he is left to carve out his own career.

"He was in no mood for study, and, taking his hat, he walked into the fields. Before him lay the glittering Firth, on which yesterday he had acted with such intrepidity; but now, like his own feelings, its tumult had subsided, and the vessels that studded its smooth surface stood drearily with their idle sails drooping against the mast. He thought of his own prospects, of the uncertainty that still hung over his successful entry into life—of the cold apathy of the world—of his want of friends; and then, and not till then—when in the feeling of the moment he believed himself deserted—did he think of his sister's love. She had never deserted him, her pure heart had never been shut to him, and yet he blushed to remember that

her affectionate letter was yet unanswered. Days, even weeks had passed, often had he determined to write, and as often some trifling, or sometimes, perhaps, important matter had banished it from his mind. 'She well knows I love her,' said he always to himself—and she will not reproach me for this delay. She is not worse, otherwise Emily would have written, and they all know too well my irregularity in answering letters to be uneasy at my silence.' And such is often the reasoning that keeps many an anxious heart in suspense, and deprives many a gentle bosom of a pleasure which gives a grace to manhood to confer. If the absent one knew the joy which it is often in his power to confer by the slight labour of a few passing moments—by that kindly interchange of sentiment, which cannot be asked, but must come spontaneously—that playful and tender style which the mother and the sister love, as shewing that the feelings of old are not forgotten, and that the busy and changeful scenes of life have not banished the love of home—those letters which still treat the fire-side circle of former days in the style of wonted companionship, and exhibit that communion of heart so dear to the lonely hearts that still are lingering there—if this were better known and considered, how much of gladness would be diffused at many a hearth, how strong would be the links of kindred, and the influence of that genial spirit, which elevates and refines the character, by freshening the feelings with the memories of youth! Melancholy thoughts are seldom confined to the first cause which produces them, but spread themselves over the mind, and give a dark tint to the colouring of every image it creates. And so it was now with Kenneth Clyne. From the trivial, nay visionary slight of the morning, a hundred gloomy reflections arose—his own condition appeared irksome, the success of his prospects void even of hope, and as he continued his walk to many a well-known spot where, in former days he had dreamt of future fame and honours, he felt a secret foreboding that he was taking leave, as it were, of his old haunts, and that other scenes were soon to open to him. Often did his mind revert to Ruthven Hall, and his last parting with Helen Ruthven. He saw her as she stood in the gothic chamber, with the blush dying from her cheek, the frank kind smile upon her lips, and the soft eyes turned upon him with a look that harmonised with the tones of her voice; he saw all this again and again—it was one of those images which memory pictures, that we love to dwell upon, but the impression of which is too vivid and full of life, to permit us then either to reflect deeply upon its nature, or to inquire minutely into its cause. It was a pleasing picture, yet it hardly gave him pleasure, for he already began to imagine that fortune had placed a gulf between them."

In making our bow to the *Scottish Heiress*, with many faults, but with graces not a few, we in candour confess that the work is considerably above the average of the family of unowned novels.

The History of Woman in England. By Hannah Lawrence. Vol. I. Pp. 264. Colburn.

THE author professes in the work here begun to exhibit the powerful influence which woman has had on national character, and, with character, necessarily on events; and we dare say when she has left the mists and darkness of early times, that such a purpose may be wrought out. We must, however, dismiss the first volume rather as a compilation preparatory to

the development of the plan; for the period which it embraces affords very little, if any, opportunity to demonstrate the effects of female impulse on the movements of society. The names mentioned, from the time of the Roman invasion to the reign of Henry II., serve to hang historical contemporaneous statements on; but what control woman exercised over pilgrimages, monkish seclusions, the wars and massacres of Britons, Saxons, and Danes, is not to be traced in these pages, which are simply a pleasing summary, compiled about women who appeared on the scene and are mentioned by the elder writers, but almost entirely nugatory as regards their "influence" on the system of public measures or private relations. That the sex must ever exercise much power in modifying and altering the proceedings of mankind, is quite clear; but the manner and ways of producing the effects are hidden in the obscurity of distant ages. The condition of women during several centuries is indicated by detached passages; but the rest has little else to do with them than to show occasionally how they were considered and treated, not how they operated on the current of life. Their convent-seclusions and priestly legends of ploughshare trials, miracles, and other marvels, afford no aid to Miss Lawrence's design; and we must therefore be allowed to take her publication in the view we have stated, rather than in that in which she has desired to put it. Indeed she herself is ever and anon disproving her own thesis.

"Little is told us of women in Saxon times; yet even then there were illustrious queens, and more illustrious female scholars, whose exertions for the diffusion of knowledge demand the gratitude of their descendants. Scarcely more is known of female society during the Anglo-Norman period; yet it was at the bidding of the lady that our earliest poets sang, and the fountain of modern fiction, chivalrous romance, was unsealed by female hands. During the age of chivalry, the object of knightly worship becomes indeed more distinctly visible; but even at this period many a lady illustrious for her talents, and interesting from her romantic history, has no record save in the seldom-opened pages of the monkish chronicle. . . . M. de Guizot, in the most philosophical of his works, has admirably traced the advance of female influence from the period of the first establishment of the feudal system in France, and has pointed out how the 'castle-life,' stern and warlike, and devoid of softening influences, as it has hitherto appeared to the superficial observer to be, was in reality the nurse of the domestic virtues, and the sphere in which female influence first exerted itself to elevate and refine a barbarous but advancing age. And although from the superior privileges enjoyed by the Saxon women, and the lofty station assigned from so early a period to *hildgeode*, the effects of this 'castle-life' can be traced with less distinctness in English history; still, that the lady of the castle in Anglo-Norman times exercised as wide a sway as the wife of the earl or theyn over her extensive household, and a more effective influence over those more closely connected with her, is proved by the rapid advance, not merely of civilisation, but of that lofty feeling of respect for woman, which was alike the basis and the exemplification of chivalry. . . . Very little can be ascertained in regard to the situation of the lowest class of women at this period. These were the bondswomen: and that many availed themselves of the advantages proffered by the walled towns, where uninterrupted residence for a year and a day ensured them freedom, cannot be

doubted; while that those who remained were not in a worse condition than when under Saxon rule, may be easily believed from the attention which the Conqueror paid to this class, directing the services of the serfs on each manor to be defined, that in future time more might not be demanded. Of that class of bondswomen whose services were domestic, we may also well believe that their condition was even improved by falling into the hands of a Norman mistress."

These generalities are nearly all that can be gleaned; and it is seldom that we find any direct trait so illustrative of the question as the following, which confesses at the same time the paucity of information. It relates to the queen of the Confessor;* and we are told—

"A very pleasing picture of Editha about this period is given us by Ingulphus, in one of those incidental narratives which throw so much light upon character and manners, but which unfortunately are too unfrequent in the monkish writers. He tells us, that, being a native of London, he was sent at a very early age to Westminster to school, where 'I have often seen that fairest lady, so eminently skilled in learning, while yet being a boy I was staying at the king's court with my father; and often when I came from school would she question me respecting literature and poetry; and, most pleasantly passing from the foundations of grammar to playful logic, in which she was well skilled, she would entangle me in a subtle band of argument; and she would then cause her waiting-maiden to give me three or four pieces of money, and send me to the palace-larder for refreshments.'"

But having devoted our observations to the non-fulfilment of the avowed design of the author, we must say that she has produced a volume perhaps more agreeable and interesting from the very absence of argument on the subject, and from its desultory combination of circumstances gathered from a variety of sources, authentic and doubtful, which throw striking lights on the middle-age condition of England. By the great majority of readers the volume will be more relished than if it were burdened with antiquarian disquisition; for it is truly of a popular description, and deserving of popular favour.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P. Edited by his Brother, Leonard Horner, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo, 2 vols. Murray. It is perhaps to be regretted that so long a period should have been suffered to elapse since the death of this amiable and accomplished gentleman, before his equally amiable and accomplished brother could find time to perform this fraternal duty. But the necessary ass. and correspondence have been in the possession of two friends, for several years each, who were prevented by their own pursuits from executing the task they had undertaken; and thus, at the close of a quarter of a century, it devolved on the present editor to select and arrange the work for publication.

Having enjoyed the acquaintance of Francis Horner, we may of ourselves speak of his exceeding gentle yet earnest deportment; his manners so unassuming and winning; his converse so easy and enlightened,—he was truly an individual to be esteemed by all, and loved by those who knew him well. His intelligence

* We fear that many of the stories about her, as well as her female predecessors and successors, are derived from very doubtful authorities, and are as apocryphal as her portrait prefixed to this volume.—*Ed. G. G.*

as a public character raised him to high distinction; and his early labours on the important question of currency led to results of immense national consequence. But this involves points which it is out of our province to discuss; and whilst we offer the testimony due to the genius of the deceased, we are not sure that we would not offer a still warmer tribute to his living brother, whose unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity (though in a less elevated sphere) have richly entitled him to the pure praise of the wise, benevolent, and good.

Francis Horner was born in 1778, and had his early education in Edinburgh, then partially in England, and finally in the northern Athens; where at the age of twenty he became a member of the Speculative Society on the same evening with his childish playmate Henry Brougham. He studied the law; and from his boyhood displayed a strong inclination and taste for literary pursuits. His journal and correspondence for several ensuing years are full of interest. His brief accounts of the persons whom he meets in society, particularly on his visits to London, are delightful; and in 1802 we have him before us as one of the concoctors of, and contributors to, the *Edinburgh Review*. This performance infused a new spirit into the world of criticism; for though there had been much of sterling value in preceding reviews, none had ever taken the high dashing ground of the *Edinburgh*, quickly followed by the *Quarterly*, and thence communicating another tone throughout the entire literary periodical press. From his spring stay in London this year we make two selections, as a sample of the whole. How much does the following note in his journal speak for the character of the writer—just 41 years ago!—

London, March 25.—"This morning I went to an exhibition of pictures, on sale at Bryant's in Pall Mall; they are the works of the great masters. The great works of science, and the models of literary composition, are made common to all latitudes of the globe, by the art of printing; an Elzevir, or a stereotype edition of Virgil, is to be found in every town and village of Scotland, as well as in the great capitals of Europe. But the divine productions of genius in the art of painting are confined to the seats of opulence. I am entirely ignorant, perhaps fortunately so, of the art and phraseology of connoisseurship; but I receive a delight, which I can neither express distinctly nor analyse, from certain works which I have beheld in the several departments of the fine arts. York Minster, which I visited on my journey to town, and which I paced with considerable emotion for an hour or two, set my thoughts to work on the composition of orations and histories; and the same train of reflection was this day excited by some landscapes of Salvator Rosa and Poussin, and some portraits of Titian. The original creations of the human mind, in any one field of exertion, enlarge our powers of imagination, and correct our sensibilities, in any other field in which we may be ambitious to strive.

April 20th.—I dined at Mr. Romilly's, and met a party composed of too many great materials to produce much effect: Bobus Smith, Scarlett, Mackintosh, George Wilson, Wishaw, and Smyth. Though Mackintosh and Smith associate together so much, their line of conversation is different; and the former does injustice to his own talents for discursive and descriptive conversation, when he forces them out of their way to an imitation of Smith's smartness and point and sarcasm. The conversation of

Romilly and Wilson appears to be quite different from either of those two; never indicating a design to display, but flowing from the abundance of enlightened, refined, and richly informed understandings. The consequence of all this yesterday was, that no one had a full unrestrained course, and the conversation was made up of occasional efforts by all, in which each seemed fettered by the presence of the rest. All this; however, is only in comparison of the expectations I had raised; for the scene was quite new to me, and was unquestionably distinguished by great talent. If I were to describe the merit of each by a single word, I should say that Scarlett shews subtlety, Smith promptitude, Mackintosh copiousness, and Romilly refinement. I mention in Romilly this distinguishing character, both because I have seen in him a remarkable degree of softness and elegance, and because I was rather hurt by a want of sentimental delicacy in Mackintosh and Smith. Upon the whole, Bobus is altogether the man of despotic talent in conversation that he has always been described to me; he has something of despotic manner too; his physiognomy, of which the forehead is admirable, indicates both."

In 1803 Mr. Horner settled in London, and began practice as a barrister. Here we quote again:—

"June 30, 1804. I have received from Lord Fitzwilliam, whom I never saw, an invitation to dine with him; and I am given to understand it is a political party-dinner. After some deliberation, and consulting with Adam, Ward, and Wishaw, I have accepted it. Almost from my first entrance upon the study of law, I considered politics as an ultimate object and a concurrent occupation. Political adventure is a game which I am disqualified from playing by many circumstances of my character, and which I am resolved to decline. But some share in public business, acquired by reputation, and supported on an independent footing, is a fair object, and almost the only reward that stimulates me to the law. Without belonging to a party, there can be no efficient participation in public affairs. * * * The intention, I find, of bringing people together at Lord Fitzwilliam's was, that some association might be formed for writing pamphlets, squibs, epigrams, &c. &c., against the administration. So that this is the end of the scheme which was communicated to me, in a message from Lord R. Spencer, with a request that I would belong to the club. I saw no persons brought together who are likely to write together, except those whose writings would be worth less than nothing; such must I esteem —, —, —, &c., not to name others who ought to have no acknowledged place in such society. This literary scheme of commanding the press will end in a few paltry skirmishes, and some epigrams by Jekyll,* Fitzpatrick, and Lord John Townshend. At any rate, it is not my destiny to write in newspapers; nor is it likely that the proposal will ever be made to me. I shall perhaps look out for some opportunities, of my own accord, for writing constitutional tracts, such as those opportunities which my Lord Somers, in his earlier days, thought no improper temptations from the general career which he pursued.

"July, 1805. I have been going on very much as you left me, meeting with new people every now and then, and drawing myself closer towards the old. I reckon that about one in ten is worth seeing a second time, and about one in

* Jekyll was the only one."

fifty worth adding to the permanent list. I cling to Smith, and Whishaw, and Ward, and Mrs. Spencer, with a very short list of &c. I have had frequent opportunities of seeing Lord Holland, and am delighted with his spirited understanding, and the sweetness of his dispositions. In both respects, he resembles his sister very much; and both of them are of their uncle's make. The strongest features of the Fox head are, precision, vigilance, and (if I may apply such a word to the understanding) honesty: nobody escapes from them in vague showy generals, or imposes by ostentatious paradox; you are sure of getting both fair play and your due: but you must give as much, or you have neither chance of concealment nor mercy. Watchful, dexterous, even-handed, implacable sense is their law. I have shrunk from it often with shame; and this I have felt as often in conversation with Miss Fox as with any of them."

In 1806 Mr. Horner was elected for the borough of St. Ives, and took his seat in parliament; but we pass over all his distinguished public career, and must conclude with the last sad scene of all, at Pisa, whither he had gone to repair, if possible, his shattered constitution. On the 4th of Feb. 1817, he writes to his father:—

"Dr. Vacca tells me he is of opinion we have every reason to be satisfied for the present; he appears to me to proceed with the utmost caution, and it would be impossible for any man to bestow a more sedulous and watchful attention on a patient than he gives me. I have long considered it a settled point, that my complaints were not consumptive; Dr. Vacca thinks they bear none of the appearances which which consumption is ever known to commence. From the distinct and strong effect which opium has had upon them, he thinks it reasonable to infer that an affection of the nerves of the lungs forms a part at least, and a considerable part, of the disease; at present he does not carry his inference farther."

Alas the flattering physician!

"The cheering hopes of renovated strength, and of future enjoyment of health, expressed in this letter, were also apparent in the greater degree of confidence with which Mr. Horner looked forward to his future plans for the spring; and he even spoke of being unable to resist a visit to Rome, before he returned to England. He at no time appeared to despair of ultimate recovery, and never uttered a word indicating apprehension that he was labouring under a fatal disease; but on more than one occasion he expressed a belief that his recovery would be slow, and that he should have a long interval of repose before he should be able to resume his active duties. Under the influence of those feelings, he drew out a sketch of a plan for the occupation of that expected period of retirement, in a small book which he headed *Designs*, adding 'At Pisa, 2d February, 1817, under the auspices of opium and returning spring.' * * * But it was ordained that none of these designs should ever be accomplished: his feelings of improving health were an illusion; his disease was fast approaching to its fatal termination; and in four days from the date of the preceding letter, he closed his earthly career. Two days after he had written the last letter to his father, the difficulty of breathing and the cough reappeared with some severity; on the following morning they were somewhat abated; but towards the evening they returned, accompanied by drowsiness. I slept in a room next to his own, with an open door between us. In the night I heard him moaning, and on going to him, he said that he

moaned from difficulty of breathing, but that he wished to be left to sleep. I sent for Dr. Vacca, who came at seven in the morning; it was Saturday the 8th of February. He found his patient labouring greatly in his breathing, with strong palpitations of the heart, and a low, intermittent, and irregular pulse; his forehead covered with a cold sweat, and his face and hands of a leaden colour. He was, however, perfectly sensible, and spoke in a clear distinct manner; expressing neither apprehension nor anxiety about himself. Various stimulating applications were tried, but they afforded no relief, the difficulty of breathing gradually increasing. Although I had entire confidence in the skill of Dr. Vacca, I requested, towards the afternoon, that there might be a consultation with another physician. They came together soon after four o'clock, and I left the bed-side of the patient to receive them in the adjoining room; I was absent about ten minutes, and returned alone, to prepare him for seeing the new physician. On drawing aside the curtain, I found his face deadly pale, his eyes fixed, and his hand cold; for a few moments I flattered myself that he had only fainted from weakness; but the sad reality was soon revealed to me,—the precious object of my care was taken from us for ever."

Hargrave; or, the Adventures of a Man of Fashion.

By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Lond., Colburn.

THESE are marvellous adventures of a man of fashion, or any man who ever lived in a distinguished position, in high society. Mr. Hargrave, however, is the glass of form, the great amphytrion of Paris eight or nine years; and he gives *fêtes*, and commits the most daring of secret crimes, having run through a princely fortune. He is a widower, with a daughter and a step-daughter, the former of whom he plots to marry to a prince. From Paris, on the eve of discovery, he escapes to a mysterious ruined castle near Baden Baden, and here he resides till the winding up of the tale.

With such a story we would not mix; and it is difficult to select any extract to illustrate the talent of the writer. Here is, however, a definition of vanity.

"Those who have not been led by some accident or other to study the effects of vanity in characters where it greatly predominates, have little comprehension of its strength. There is probably no passion, from the very lowest to the most sublime, from the tenderest to the most brutal, which more deeply dyes with its influence the mind where it takes root. Greatly do those mistake who call it a 'little' passion,—it is a great, an absorbing, a tremendous one. Its outward bearing, indeed, when the feeling is unskillfully permitted to catch the eye, may often seem trivial, and provoke more smiles than sighs; but its inward strength of influence is not to be judged thereby. As little do the graceful sinuities of the constrictor's wavy movements give notice of the deadly gripe into which they can contract themselves, as do the bland devices which purvey to a vain man's appetite announce the insatiable voracity that is to be fed, or the unscrupulous means which may be resorted to in order to content it."

The morning view after a grand entertainment is also well touched:—

"Adele paused to look about her. Her first feeling was that which must be common to every one who ever gazed upon the *débris* of a gala. All that under the cunning influence of tasteful arrangement, and the delusive brilliance of fictitious light, had appeared graceful

and gorgeous, now looked like the wreck and remnants of a paltry world made up of paint and pasteboard. The very flowers which, blushing beneath the glances of unnumbered tapers, had a few hours before given to this spot an air of almost supernatural beauty, now looked pale, and sick, and sorrowful! 'What a frightful contrast!' murmured Adele. 'It is a blessing that nature manages her eventide and morn better than we do. How terrible it would be after every star-lit, moon-embellished night, were we, on awaking in the morning, to find every thing looking as dirty and dismal as our manufactured world does here!'

With regard to the interest of this work, it consists rather of a curiosity to know how it will end, than of a feeling for the fate of any of the characters. We care not for Hargrave, and little for his daughters; the most elaborately drawn of whom, Adele, does not appear to us to have sufficient cause for her thoughts nor motive for her actions. Indeed this is the prevalent fault of the novel: few of its people do what it seems natural they would do under the circumstances. The hint of the plot appears to have been suggested by the well-known adventures of Baron Geramb, to which is added a something like the marriage of the Prince of Capua; but the working out of the idea is Mrs. Trollope's own. There is a strange passage near the end of the third volume, but we cannot particularise it; and dismiss the whole, as likely to entertain the class of readers for whose special delight such books are written, with a paraphrase of a famed old epitaph—

"I Mrs. Trollope

Made these vols. roll up;

And when Heaven shall take my soul up,

My works will fill a big hole up."

She is a very clever woman; and there is nothing she does which has not a large spice of talent in it.

Miss Pen and her Niece. By Mrs. Stone. Bentley.

WE wish we could compliment Mrs. Stone on the worth of this her second novel. Trembling at the idea of being suspected of shewing up, in her former work, *The Cotton Lord*, some of the good folks of her native Manchester, she has mistrusted her own judgment, and has been weak enough to follow the advice of weaker friends. Avoiding the ideal Scylla, she has nearly foundered in Charybdis; for being, we think, a woman rather of observation than of imagination, in her successful endeavour to affront no one (unless some of the worthies of Queen Anne's reign could rise against her), she will not, we fear, please many.

The Man-o'-War's-Man. By Bill Truck, Senior Boatswain of the Royal College of Greenwich.

Pp. 439. London & Edinburgh, Blackwoods. THESE animated sea-papers appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* some twenty years ago, when that journal, like our own, was "fair and young." After the long quarantine, they have been overhauled, refitted, new timbers put in, &c. &c. (all in nautical phraseology), and are now as good as, if not better than, new.

Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems. By

B. Simmons. Pp. 276. Same.

THESE are also chiefly transplanted into one bed from Blackwood's borders, and thus taken out of our usual criticism. We need only say, that if they had not been good they would never have found their way there.

New Holland, &c. By T. Bartlett. Pp. 312. London, Longman and Co.

NEW HOLLAND is hardly New Holland to us, for we have read so many accounts of it, and

every now and then communicated the particulars to our readers. This volume is, however, well worth consultation by all who are interested in the country; and not only treats of it fully, but takes collateral views of European subjects connected with its productiveness, emigration, and prospects.

Hand-book for Travellers in Central Italy; including the Papal States, Rome, and the Cities of Etruria. With a Travelling Map. Pp. 568. London, Murray and Son; Florence, Molini; Paris, Galignani; Leipzig, Stassin and Xavier, Longman and Co.

ONE of those excellent books produced under the special care of Mr. Murray jun., which have raised this class of publication far above the standard which they had ever occupied before, and obtained the praise of so many travelled pens, that the commendation of a critic at home could add nothing to their character and celebrity. They are rich in historical recollection, in antiquities and topography, in descriptions of scenery and arts, and in much general information, extended beyond the usual sphere of Guide-books, which told you (seldom perfectly) what you ought to see, and (almost always partially) where you could meet with the most desirable accommodation. In fact, these Hand-books are very interesting tours, in addition to the intelligence which strangers require to regulate their journeys, provide their expenses, and consider all their comforts. The present volume includes the Papal States, Rome, with its contorni, and those cities of Etruria which lie between the Arno and the Northern Campagna. Rome is particularly distinct and ample, and well done. The next volume is to give the Neapolitan dominions, &c.

The Reminiscences of an Old Traveller throughout different parts of Europe; including Historical Details of the Russian Empire, and Anecdotes of the Court. By Thomas Brown, Esq. 8vo, pp. 287. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; London, Longman and Co., &c.

THIS appears by the title-page to be the fourth edition of the work; but our recollection does not serve us as to any previous acquaintance with it. It probably first appeared some years since, not being put forth as a continuous account of any one journey, but as a collection of remarks, "founded on an experience of nearly thirty years' residence on the continent." The author says, "his observations are confined within the space of the last fifty or sixty years" (rather a long confinement). We do not think it adds greatly to our stock of knowledge of European life and manners, as almost every place which he visited has over and over again, in some publication or other, been better described. It wants, too, the freshness and vivacity of an actual tour struck off at the moment: still, the information is good, and, we presume from the author's long stay abroad, may be relied on.

D'Aubigné's History of the Great Reformation. Abridged by E. Dalton, secretary to the Protestant Association. Vol. I., 18mo, pp. 507. Published for the Association.

The celebrity of D'Aubigné's work has naturally recommended it to the present change of form, in order that it may be extensively circulated by the Protestant Association. The first three vols. of the original are compressed into this single and small volume, with much judgment and ability, by Mr. Dalton.

The Mock Catalani in Little Puddleton: a Musical Burletta. By C. Nagel, Esq. Pp. 32. The curiosity of this little piece, itself not out of the common way, is, that it was performed at "the Royal Victoria Theatre, Sydney, New

South Wales." We may add, also, that it has been printed and published there by James Tegg, a son of the London bookseller; so that we may see the drama extends, if it does not flourish.

Memoirs of a Griffin; or, a Griffin's First Year in India. By Captain Bellew. 2 vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

ILLUSTRATED with designs by the author, these volumes present whimsical and sketchy views of Indo-European life. Readers at home will find much amusement in it; and we doubt not it will be equally acceptable on the spot,—the spot embracing about a third of a quarter of the world.

An Efficient Remedy for the Distress of Nations. By John Gray, author of "The Social System." 8vo, pp. 224. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; London, Longmans; Dublin, Cumming.

THIS volume is altogether a curious medley. Mr. Gray has for years been endeavouring to preach a system, according to which instead of demand being the cause of production, he desires to make production the cause of demand. It is a startling proposition! He holds labour to be the only true standard of value in the world.

The Emigrant's Hand-Book of Facts, &c. By S. Butler. Pp. 240. Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Cotes.

A COLLECTION and selection of facts relating to Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, and other resorts of emigration. It takes no party or interested views, and offers few opinions; for which reasons we consider it the more useful.

The Penny Cyclopædia, Vol. XXV. C. Knight. HAVING reached the word "Ungula," this publication is treading fast upon its close. The illustrations are chiefly of natural history, and the whole as well done as ever.

The Gardener, or Practical Florist. Vol. I. 4to, Pp. 308 (double cols.). Groombridge.

WEEKLY Nos. of a very useful and practical order, now comprised in a neatly bound volume, and well deserving the notice of persons fond of their gardens.

The Deer-Slayer. R. Bentley. Is the last published of the *Standard Novels*, and is the more worthy of note as it is the first of the five tales by Cooper in which the same character flourishes.

The Works of William Jay. Vol. VI. London, Bartlett.

This volume contains the *Christian Contemplated*, and consists of a course of lectures delivered at Bath.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"A TALL TIME AND A LOUD SMELL."

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Isle of Wight, Jan. 14, 1843.

SIR,—What part of Mr. Dickens's *American Notes* has excited laughter more loud and long than the exquisite dialogue between Brown Hat and Straw Hat, in which these two strange expressions occur?

"Straw Hat (to the coachman). Well, I don't know, sir; we were a pretty tall time coming that last fifteen mile, that's a fact."

Straw Hat inquires of Brown Hat whether the coach is not a new one.

"Brown Hat. Yes, sir."

Straw Hat. I thought so. Pretty loud smell of varnish, sir?"

But, having all by this time laughed our fill,

let us see whether any thing can be said in justification of these apparent solecisms. We are apt sometimes to be rather too hard upon our Transatlantic cousins, forgetting, what it would be good for us to remember, that they are but ourselves, under circumstances unfavourable to more important excellences than purity of speech. Would that they displayed the free, enlightened, and independent spirit of republicanism in no worse manner than a little clipping of the Queen's English,—a venial offence in those to whom the very name of king or queen is an abomination!

The word *long* was for centuries, and still is, occasionally used in English for what we now more usually denominate *tall*: among the lower classes Long Lem, or Long Ned, is a common nickname for a tall man. Had Long Tom Coffin lived when hereditary surnames were beginning to be the fashion, he would soon have become Tom Long, and have handed down this name to his heirs for ever.* Hence have originated our family-names Long, Lang, Laing, Longman, Langman, and Longtellow, which last is borne by an American poet. The first progenitors of the German poet Langbein, and of our two Langbaines—one a divine and some time provost of Queen's, both authors—who respectively bore these names, owed them to the length of their legs: Langridge, if not a local name, is equivalent to Long-back. The Germans, Dutch, Swedes, and others, have but one word (*lang*, &c.) answering to our long and tall. The French say, "une taille longue" for a tall figure; and their king "Philippe le Long" owed his surname to his height. *Longus* was no uncommon cognomen with the Romans, and, as well as *procerus*, meant both tall and long. Their *grandis* was great, and long, and tall; "vir grandis" was a great man—"grandis virgo" a tall young lady—and the famous "verbosa et grandis epistola" of Tiberius was a wordy and lengthy letter. The French use *grand* both for great and tall: "un grand homme" may be as different from "un homme grand" as "une femme sage" from "une sage femme." Our ancestors, however, seem to have imagined that lofty stature implied courage, judging from their use of the word *tall*, if this word did originally refer to height. In those stirring times it was a term of the highest commendation; and we find Sir Toby assuring his niece that the pot-valiant Sir Andrew is "as tall a man as any's in Illyria:" the Clown too, in the *Winter's Tale*, offers to swear to Autolycus being "a tall fellow of his hands." This makes it rather singular that *Tall* should now be so very uncommon a surname.

Straw Hat's mistake consisted in supposing, that because all *tall* things are, and may be, called *long*, therefore all *long* things are, and may be, called *tall*: he might also argue that the single word *short* is used as the opposite of both.

"A loud smell" is, it must be confessed, a still more startling phrase than "a tall time;" but does not Pliny's "surdus color" sound full as *ab-surd* to our ears? This same word *surdus*, which means properly deaf, was used also for dumb, dark, indistinct, and half a dozen other things. The Greek *κωφός*, too, meant not only deaf or dumb, but deficient in any of the senses. The Germans and Dutch not only talk of a "deaf nut," like ourselves, but of a "deaf nettle," a "deaf coal," and a "deaf finger," where we should say "blind nettle," "dead coal," and "numbed finger." A "deaf lantern" and a "deaf sound" are likewise good

* Short Tom would, in like manner, become Tom Short, and hence all the race of Shorts.

Dutch, but would be very queer English. The Swedes make their verb signifying to deafen, do duty, in addition, for to bumb, to stupefy, to lull pain. But the French, of all nations in the world, seem, for whatever reason, to have the greatest predilection for this word *deaf*. Two friends meet in the street, and one of them, who "comes from assisting," as the translators have it, at the trial of a burglar, thus describes part of the proceedings:—

"Allons, je vais vous dire: l'accusé avait la voix sourde; et comme la salle, étant mal bâtie, était sourde, le président, qui était tant soit peu sourd, avait beaucoup de peine à comprendre ses réponses. Il y avait déjà long-temps, voyez-vous, qu'on le soupçonnait de menées sourdes, et à la fin on l'a attrapé sur le fait. Le Sieur Leblanc raconta comment la chose s'était passée. "La nuit des 18 je ne pouvais fermer l'œil à cause d'une douleur sourde à la tête, qui m'est venue en pensant comment arranger mon violon, qui était devenu sourd; j'avais aussi eu le malheur d'en casser la sourdine, et je ne savais qu'y faire. Eh bien, M. le Président, vers minuit il me semble que j'entends un petit bruit sourd; je sors tout doucement du lit, et je regarde par la fenêtre. Ma foi! voilà un homme, avec une lanterne sourde, qui s'occupe à couper les verrous de la porte avec une lime sourde. C'en était assez pour moi, et je déloge de suite à la sourdine par une fenêtre de derrière pour aller appeler mes voisins." En fouillant ce drôle, on a trouvé sur lui, outre une quantité de pierres sourdes qu'il avait prises chez un joaillier, le "Système des Quantités Sourdes," et un "Essai sur l'Assourdissement des Couleurs," qui avaient disparu tout récemment de la boutique d'un libraire près le Pont Neuf."

We say, a sharp sound and a sharp smell—a sharp taste and a sharp pain—a strong taste and a strong smell. Our clear is used equally of sights and sounds; and the Greeks applied *λαμπρός* both to bright objects of sight and loud clear sounds: thus *λαμπεροφώνία* (literally a bright voice or cry) meant a loud cry, a clear sonorous voice. Sophocles, in *King Œdipus*, has the phrase *παῖν δὲ λάμπει*, "the pæan shines;" for "the pæan sounds loud and clear." The Romans said "clara lux," a bright light, and "clara vox," a bright voice; Pliny has "candida vox," a white (clear) voice; and Quintilian "fusca vox," a dark (hoarse) voice. I know not whether northern scholars will allow any actual relationship between the Anglo-Saxon *hlud*, *hlutter* (loud, clear), and the German corresponding terms *laut*, *lauter*; but the resemblance is at least remarkable.

Our mode of applying the terms *hard* and *fast* will not always bear examination: "a hard frost" is all very well; but what, except custom, "the tyrant of language," reconciles the ear to such phrases as "hard rain" (which, by the way, produces *soft* water), "it snows hard," "it blows hard," "it thaws fast," "it rains fast," and the like?

We say, a high taste (like the French "haut goût," naturalised in some of our Dictionaries under the elegant form "an hagio"), a high scent, a high sound, a high colour; "high sight" and "high teeth" are likewise occasionally heard, but are phrases not to be recommended to the purist. We apply the word *twang* (the *tang* of Shakespeare and our elder writers) both to sound and taste:—"the *twang* of a bow-string"—"a *twang* of onions." Every one thinks it the *ton* (as they used to express it) to talk of the *tone* of a picture, as well as of the *tone* of a harp or pianoforte; some people venture to discuss the *colour* of a piece of music,

while others go so far as to hint at the *colour* of a voice.

But these instances, thus hastily thrown together, are enough to prove the confusion which seems to run through all languages in words describing the senses, their action, objects, and relations: for this, doubtless scientific and philosophical reasons might be given, and there are probably those who could give them. I only wish to shew that, after we have "wasted a merry hour" over such Yankee idiomisms as "a tall time" and "a loud smell," we ought to make some allowance for them,—provided always the Americans will leave off boasting, that, having "whipt the British" both by sea and land, they also "whipt" them in speaking English. This, whatever may be said of their other pretensions, is "piling it up a little too mountainous," as the Brown Forester said.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

B. A. OXON.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GREAT COMET.

The appearance of a mighty comet, new and unexpected by earthly astronomers, has taken them by surprise; so much so, that the first intimation of its being seen at Paris was received with doubt and disbelief. Its reality is, however, established by the observation of Sir J. F. W. Herschel, who thus writes on the subject to the editor of the *Times*:—

"I wish to direct the attention of your astronomical readers to the fact, which I think hardly admits of a doubt, of a comet of enormous magnitude being in the course of its progress through our system, and at present not far from its perihelion. Its tail—for such I cannot doubt it to be—was conspicuously visible, both last night and the night before, as a vivid luminous streak, commencing close beneath the stars kappa and lambda (κ and λ) Leporis, and thence stretching obliquely westwards and downwards, between gamma and delta (γ and δ) Eridani, till lost in the vapours of the horizon. The direction of it, prolonged on a celestial globe, passes precisely through the place of the sun in the ecliptic at the present time—a circumstance which appears conclusive as to its cometic nature. As the portion of the tail actually visible on Friday evening was fully 30 deg. in length, and the head must have been beneath the horizon, which would add at least 25 deg. to the length, it is evident that, if really a comet, it is one of first-rate magnitude; and if it be not one, it is some phenomenon beyond the earth's atmosphere of a nature even yet more remarkable.—I am, &c.

"Collingwood, March 19.
"8 P.M., March 19.—The tail of the comet—for such it must now assuredly be—is again visible, though much obscured by haze, and holding very nearly the same position."

Sir J. South observed a bright meteor issue from the very tip of the tail, at 7^h 33^m 22^s (sidereal time), on Friday evening. The tail measured 45 deg., and stars of the fifth magnitude were visible through it to the naked eye. Up to Tuesday evening the cloudy weather precluded his further observation; but on that evening no vestige of the train could be perceived, and the only remarkable appearance left was a diffused and amorphous light, commencing at the Pleiades, and spreading entirely over the constellation Aries. Mr. Shorts, of Christchurch, Hants, saw the tail on the 16th, 17th, and 18th. It was seen at Oporto on the 14th; and the Tay, on her voyage home from the West Indies, saw it as early as the 6th, during several evenings.

A letter from Mr. E. Cooper to Sir J. South states, that he had observed the streak of light on the 12th and 13th at Nice, and on the 14th seen the comet itself, of which the nucleus was stellar in form, and apparently about the sixth magnitude. Sir J. Herschel has again written to say that he had a partial glimpse of the train on the 20th, ascertained the position more correctly on the 21st, and, from the course the

stranger was evidently taking to the northward, thought that the head would soon be visible.

The comet was seen at Auxonne on the fourteenth, at Paris on the seventeenth, and on the same evening at several places in France, Versailles, Orleans, Nantes, Caen, Amiens, &c.

At Rome, curiously, the appearance of a comet was observed on the sixth, and it was then noted as the return of the one discovered by Laugier on the 28th October, 1842.

The length of the tail is given generally about 40°. The comet of 1811 had a tail of 23° long: that of 1769, 97°: of 1744, six tails of from 30° to 40°: of 1689, 68°, curved, as stated by historians, in the form of a Turkish sabre (the present one approaches this form): of 1680, 90°: of 1618, 104°.

Last Thursday night was clear; but we have not heard further observations.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 14. Anniversary meeting.—Lord Robert Grosvenor, president, in the chair. The treasurer read the annual report of the council, from which it appeared that the society has now 65 contributing members, 59 associates in foreign parts, and 10 honorary members. The secretary read two short papers from Mr. J. H. Mavely: 1. "On a grand display of meteors, with an accompanying aurora borealis, on the night of August 9, 1842;" 2. "A representation of two solar haloes, a large intersecting circle, five inverted arches, and five parabolas, about the sun, on the 12th July, 1842." These two papers were calculated to induce observers to notice and record these beautiful phenomena, which are invariably found to be precursors of falling weather.

The treasurer, in his annual address, gave an epitome of meteorology; shewing, at the same time, the great amount of good arising to every student of natural phenomena. He called upon medical men especially to watch minutely the diseases incident to the human frame in connexion with the various changes of the weather, as being one of the most beneficial results arising from the study of aerial phenomena. This appeal to the medical gentlemen was followed by a list of queries of a given locality, with their supposed replies. The officers for the ensuing session were then elected, and the meeting adjourned.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

March 15.—A paper from the Rev. J. B. Reade was read, entitled "Microscopic chemistry, No. 2." It was headed, "On the existence of ammonia in vegetable substances described as containing nitrogen." After stating that very minute portions of sulphate of lime in snow may be rendered manifest by means of the microscope, and also that the almost inappreciable quantity of ammonia, mentioned by Liebig as existing in the atmosphere, would be capable of detection by the same means, he proceeded to shew the existence of ammonia in the seeds of plants, which, he stated, may be rendered apparent by burning the common field-bean in a spirit-lamp until flame and smoke entirely cease. The gas given off is to be received on slips of glass, moistened with pure hydrochloric acid. The salt thus obtained, he describes as a salt of ammonia, which he considers as produced by the decomposition of an ammoniacal salt previously existing in the bean, and not by the destructive distillation of an organic body in contact with the atmosphere. This presence of ammonia, he looks upon as proved in various ways, viz.: by the before-mentioned production of crystals of hydro-

chlorate of ammonia on slips of glass when the gas from the bean is exposed to the vapour of volatile hydrochloric acid; by the odour of this gas when received into an 8 or 10 oz. bottle, being clearly that of ammonia; by the production of crystals of bitartrate of ammonia on the addition of a little tartaric acid to the hydrochlorate; by the action of the supposed ammoniacal gas on test-papers, furnishing a proof of the presence of volatile alkali; and, lastly, by an experiment in which he sublimed over hydrochlorate of ammonia in an unchanged state into a drop of condensed distilled water. The acid with which the ammonia is combined, he supposes, in some instances at least, to be silicic acid. In answer to an objection made to these views, that the ammonia is chemically formed by the destructive distillation of the vegetable compound in contact with the atmosphere, he adduced, in his opinion, both negative and positive evidence. The former, founded on the known reluctance of nitrogen to enter into combination with all other substances; and the latter principally from the evolution of ammonia from bean-meal heated in a glass tube with the mouth inserted into hydrochloric acid, thus preventing contact with the atmosphere. He concluded by describing a method of readily obtaining, as a standard of measurement, a minute quantity of hydrochlorate of ammonia, equal to about $\frac{1}{10000}$ of a grain.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

March 22.—Mr. W. H. Hughes, vice-pres., in the chair. Mr. Taunton exhibited and described his elegant and elaborately constructed umbrella, intended as a present from the Turkish ambassador resident in England to the sultan. Sir F. Desanges described his ramoneur machine, which is designed to sweep flues of every variety of shape and size, whether considered in reference to their transverse or longitudinal section. The model machine exhibited consists of four brushes, each attached to two brass arms, working with springs into as many sockets ranged at right angles to each other in pairs, and secured to the stem of the machine, which, being furnished with universal joints, is capable of following all the irregularities of the most tortuous chimneys.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

March 15.—The anniversary meeting of the society was held. The Marquis of Lansdowne, president, in the chair. The annual report of the council was read. It gave a favourable view of the progress of the society, and expressed the gratification of the council upon the importance to which statistics are attaining in society and in legislation. The collection of statistical data by the public departments has led the council to make the society the depository of all the statistical information that was accessible; and they therefore limited their expenditure on original inquiries to grants to the education and hospital statistics committees, both of which have been active during the past year; the former having inquired into the state of education in nearly the whole of London and Westminster, and the latter having now succeeded in obtaining complete returns from all the principal London hospitals of the patients within their wards; and a method of registration has been adopted in a large majority of the hospitals, by which the collection of very valuable data for the solution of many questions of great scientific importance will be attained. An original inquiry has been made into the condition of the working classes in

St. George's, Hanover Square, at the expense of Lord Sandon, and under the direction of Mr. Weld; and the results, which have been published, have led to a similar inquiry being undertaken with respect to the tenantry of the Duke of Bedford. The library has received many valuable accessions of statistical works during the past year; and the visit of H.R.H. Prince Albert, patron of the society, to one of the evening meetings, together with the increased attendance of members, was a subject of congratulation.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were elected officers and members of the council for the ensuing year:—*President*, Lord Ashley, M.P. *Treasurer*, G. R. Porter, Esq., F.R.S.; *Honorary Secretaries*, W. A. Guy, Esq., M.D.; J. Fletcher, Esq.; W. D. Oswald, Esq. *Secretary*, C. R. Weld, Esq. *Council*, C. Ansell, Esq.; Sir J. P. Boileau, bart.; Rt. Hon. S. Bourne; Dr. Bowring; Dr. J. Clendinning; G. Coode, Esq.; Viscount Ebrington; Rev. E. W. Edgell; W. Farr, Esq.; F. H. Goldsmid, Esq.; H. Hallam, Esq.; J. Heywood, Esq.; R. Hill, Esq.; Sir C. Lemon; Dr. N. Lister; Earl Lovelace; H. Merivale, Esq.; Lord Montagu; Rev. W. Russell; Viscount Sandon; Lieut.-Col. Sykes; T. Tooke, Esq.; S. Tremenhare, Esq.; Major A. M. Tulloch; J. Whishaw, Esq.; J. Wilson, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 21.—The president in the chair. The first paper read, was a description, by Mr. S. C. Kreeft, of the furnaces at the Butterley Iron Works, and the barrow used for filling them. The application of the pointed Egyptian arch, to avoid the effects of expansion and contraction by the heat, and the ingenious use of the self-weighing barrow, with its movable bottom, to distribute the materials equally in the furnace, were highly approved by the meeting. The next paper read, was the description, by Mr. Oldham, of the machine invented by Mr. Cotton, the governor of the Bank of England, for weighing sovereigns, and separating the light ones from those of standard weight. The machine exhibited was made by Mr. Napier of the York Road, Lambeth, and was so delicate, that it detected with precision a variation of a twelve thousand two hundred and fiftieth part of the weight of a sovereign. The coins are placed in a tube or hopper, from whence they are carried on to a small platform, which is suspended over a delicately poised beam; to the other end of which is appended the standard Mint weight. On setting the machine at work, a sovereign is placed upon the platform, and if it is full weight, a small tongue advances, and strikes it off into a till appointed to receive it; but if it is light, the platform sinks, and brings it within the reach of another tongue at a lower level, which advances at right angles to the former tongue, and pushes the coin into another till. Other coins succeed in rapid rotation, so that the machine can weigh and sort 10,000 sovereigns in six hours, while an expert teller can, at the utmost, only weigh between 3 or 4,000 coins by hand-scales in the same time, and even then the optic nerve, by incessant straining, becomes fatigued, and errors occur. The various ingenious contrivances of the machine can only be appreciated by careful examination; but it was declared to be one of the most satisfactory instances of automaton labour that had been seen for many years within the walls of the institution, where so many practically useful inventions are brought forward. In the discussion which ensued, great credit was allowed to Mr. Cotton for the inge-

nuiety of his invention, and for the beauty of the workmanship with which Mr. Napier had carried out his intentions.

Mr. Fairbairn exhibited and described a model of a very large woollen mill, which he is now constructing entirely of cast iron, on the fire-proof principle, for the Sublime Porte, under the superintendence of Mr. Othman Dadian, of Constantinople, who was present, with several gentlemen from the Turkish embassy. The building forms three sides of a square, and covers an extent of three acres; the two main rooms are 272 feet long by 40 feet wide, and 280 feet long by 20 feet wide. The other parts are in proportion. The power to be employed is water—one wheel of 80 horse, and another of 50 horse power, giving motion to all the shafts and machines necessary for a very extensive woollen factory. Many details of the manufacture, as of the construction of the building itself, were given.

The papers announced to be read at the next meeting were:—"Experiments made upon cast and malleable iron, at the Milton Iron Works, Yorkshire, in February, 1843," by D. Mushet;—"On the supply of water to Glasgow," by D. Mackain.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

March 21.—Read: 1. "Some observations on diaphragms," by M. Becquerel, communicated by the secretary. The respective advantages and disadvantages of animal membrane, leather, sail-cloth, wood, kaolin, plaster, crucibles, &c. were severally described. Plaster, free from carbonate of lime, is decidedly the best; sail-cloth is very good, when the liquids have not much endosmosis; wood has a great tendency to warp. Whatever material is selected, it should be free from conducting matter, which may become polarised, and produce metallic deposits within the fabric of the diaphragm. 2. "Some new experiments on the torpedo," by Mr. Matteucci. Having poisoned two of these fish, he laid prepared frogs on their backs; and, however lightly he then touched the fish, the frogs were thrown into convulsions. He exposed the brain of a torpedo, and applied poison to the fourth lobe; the fish died giving strong discharges. He removed the electric organ, and every time he divided a nerve shocks were produced. He never had evidence so distinct of the limited action of the nervous filaments. These and other experiments forbid his tracing the least analogy between piles, secondary coils, batteries, and the electric organ. 3. "A short notice on the action of trees in condensing atmospheric vapour," by Mr. Walker, in confirmation of the idea that vegetable points are largely concerned in effecting the deposit of watery vapour, in consequence of their power of drawing off electricity from the atmosphere, from having observed the pools of water with which the trees were surrounded during the morning of the 19th. He agrees with Mr. Williams and Mr. Pine in believing that neither radiation nor ordinary condensation could produce effects on so extended a scale. Mr. Weekes' register was then read.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, March 18, 1843.
Academy of Sciences: sitting of March 13.—The formation of fat in animals was again the subject discussed. M. Payen brought forward statements and data in regard to the feeding and fattening of horses, at variance with those furnished by M. Magendie in support of Liebig's views.

M. Dumas's summary will best furnish the

points and position of the controversy. Liebig, in his work, says, "Whatever opinion may be formed as to the production of fatty matter in organisation, it is certain that neither the grass nor the roots eaten by cows contain butter; that the fodder consumed by cattle does not enclose the fat of beef; and that the grain on which fowls are fed does not possess the fat of the capon," &c. But since M. Dumas has announced that fodder, corn, straw even, contain considerable quantities of fatty matter—that hay yields 2 and sometimes from 3 to 5 per cent, and oats, bran, meal, from 5 to 6 per cent.—M. Liebig no longer denies altogether the presence of fatty matter, but disputes the quantity and property of them. He acknowledges to have detected in fodder fat resembling wax, but says, he cannot comprehend how this substance can be converted into fat or butter. M. Dumas asks whether it would be unreasonable for him, who comprehends how fibrin, albumen, starch, sugar, or gum, are changed into fat or butter, and who knows that sugar yields so much butter, so much fat, so much wax,—to suppose that wax, by a change almost the same, may be converted into fatty acids? In regard to the case of the cow, given by Liebig in his letter read at the last sitting of the Academy, Dumas affirms, that if the cow furnished 65 litres of milk in six days, giving 3116 grammes of butter, and if the quantity of dry excrement were correct, the hay upon which she was fed must have been much richer in fatty matter than Liebig supposed. In concluding, M. Dumas says, "We maintain that the food supplies fatty substances sufficient to explain the effects of fattening and of milk; and that the views of MM. Tiedman and Gmelin, who suppose that all fatty matters are prepared in the food, are the nearest in accordance with known facts."

M. Daguerre writes, that frequently photograph plates prepared precisely in the same way give unequal effects. He attributes this to a deposit of fatty matter on the surface, produced in the polishing operation. To get rid of it, he recommends very pure water to be placed on the polished plate, and heated highly by a spirit lamp; the water to be thrown off in such a way that its then slimy surface be not left on the plate. For the polishing process, Daguerre recommends nitric acid at five degrees for the first operation, and reduced to one degree for the latter.

M. Siebold, a Dutch traveller, forwarded the four first maps of his atlas of Japan. In a letter accompanying them, he speaks of the discovery which he has made in the East Indian archives at Amsterdam, of an unedited printed account of a voyage of discovery in 1639, in the great ocean east of Japan, undertaken at the order of the Dutch East India Company, by Mathieu Quast and Abel Jansen Tasman. He also gives the results of his own researches as to the introduction of the arts and sciences and astronomical instruments into Japan. According to tradition, and from Japanese literature, it would appear that the epoch of the first civilisation may be placed eight or nine centuries before the Christian era. In the south of Japan, in the province Hiuga, 660 years before our era, a conqueror appeared, who founded the dynasty of Mikado, which reigns to this day. History commences with him. He had already attained to a high degree of civilisation, and the family from which he had descended had lived retired for several ages in the mountains of Hiuga. Mythology gives divine origin to this family, but the most celebrated Japanese say that the ancestors of the first Mikado came from Asia, where, at the

time of their emigration, great progress had already been made in the arts and sciences. The Japanese annals shew the discovery of the compass two centuries before it was known in China.

Last evening a large comet was observed here; it has excited considerable surprise and attention.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 16.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—Rev. N. A. Howard, Exeter Coll.; J. Gordon, Brasenose College, Vinerian Scholar.
Bachelor of Arts.—C. A. Brackenbury, Queen's Coll.
CAMBRIDGE, March 15.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—J. B. Snelgar, Jesus College; S. M. Walker, Caius College.
Bachelors of Arts.—R. C. Maul, Caius College; T. Ingleby, T. O. Fry, St. John's College; G. Tatam, Catharine Hall.
Bachelor of the Civil Law.—C. A. Moore, Trin. Hall.
The following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem*:—T. W. Goodlake, Pembroke College, Oxford; J. W. S. Powell, St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 8½ p.m.; Ethnological, 8 p.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Chemical (anniversary meeting), 8 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.
Saturday.—Mathematical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

The late Dr. Franck's Pictures, which come under the hammer of Messrs. Christie and Manson to-day, form a curious and interesting collection. There are few or no pictures of the highest class of art; but all are pleasing and well-chosen, and many of them excellent specimens of masters less known in this country than their various merits deserve. From the catalogue of 115 subjects, we may mention 112 as a very perfect *Garofalo*, which was in the collection of Charles I. We were also much struck by two extraordinary paintings by *Roos*, Nos. 105, 106, a horse-market in the Campo Vaccino, and the great cattle-market at Frankfurt. The latter, for reality and costume, is, we think, worthy of the National Gallery; indeed both are. No. 63, a sea-piece, is a capital example of *Storck*; 69, a frost-piece, an uncommon and beautiful *Va iderneer*; 37, an incantation-scene, *Aphoven*, not unworthy of Teniers; and many others especially deserving of notice.

Etchings. Part I. By William Collins, R.A. London, J. Hogarth.

Six charming etchings, replete with beauties of art, simplicity, nature, feeling, effect, are all achieved in a high degree of excellence by the mere scratching of the etching-needle, so as to convey a pleasure to the mind equal to that produced by the most finished engraving or painting. The first, Little Fish-her-boy, is a delightful study; and so indeed is the Fisherman Waiting the Tide, the Landing-Net, the Begging Dog, the Girl by the Fireside, and, above all, the Buying Fish. The woman here is truth itself, and surrounded by an atmosphere worthy of Cuypp. The group on the left of the fisherman, and two children contemplating the fish upon the sand, are delightful both in character and expression. The handling of the whole series (six) is masterly; and we know not a more graceful fasciculus to lay upon the table of the lover of the fine arts.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

On Tuesday last, the 21st, this eminent poet, biographer, critic, and historian, died at his residence at Keswick; being happily relieved from a state of existence melancholy to think upon, and distressing to behold. His fine mind had sunk beneath the long-continued and anxious pressure of his literary toils; and for several years past he had been indebted to the assiduous and affectionate cares of his wife (the Caroline Bowles of poetic celebrity) for the very limited portion of comfort and happiness which his forlorn condition enabled him to taste. It is not time now to offer any account of his voluminous writings, or any opinion respecting the vast extent of his acquirements and powers of his genius. We have only to record the death of the Laureate without there being one living soul on whom his mantle can descend without deteriorating the succession.

Sir John Robison, well known and highly appreciated in the scientific world, died at Edinburgh on the 7th instant.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday evening (a subscription-night) Mdlle. Guy Stephan made her first appearance this season, in *pas de deux* with M. Silvain, and was warmly welcomed. Fanny Elssler danced the *cracovienne* twice, delightfully.

Drury Lane.—Pacini's grand opera of *Sappho* was promised here on Tuesday, for the first time in England; and with the great conjoined attractions of Miss Clara Novello and Mrs. Alfred Shaw as *Sappho* and *Climene*, and Mrs. Serle, Phillips, Allen, and Stretton, added to this strong cast, great expectation was created. We lament to notice that a heavy domestic calamity which has befallen Mrs. A. Shaw must lead to a postponement.

Adelphi.—The *Love-Gift, or the Trials of Poverty*, one of those domestic dramas which have so generally succeeded here, chiefly owing to the talent and feeling of Mrs. Yates, was produced on Monday by Mr. Stirling, and obtained the unmixed applause of a full house. Suitable comic parts were very cleverly filled by P. Bedford, Wright, Mrs. F. Matthews, &c.; and a new song, of fine old English air, by Rodwell, was capitally given by Bedford.

Princess's Theatre.—On Wednesday an equivoque, something after the fashion of Tim Moore the Tailor, was produced here under the title of *Duprez*, the whole appearing to be founded on the ill-contrived play-bill joke, in announcing "the first night of Duprez," &c. &c. It was a poor thing, and unworthy of those who have put *I Puritani* so beautifully on the stage. Its only effect will have been to advertise the expected tenor, Duprez, more widely for Covent Garden Theatre.

The French Plays.—The ever-pleasing Plessy holds her sway here; though the enthusiasm which marked her first appearance amongst us has subsided into a more calm admiration of her powers. Since our last notice she has reappeared in her favourite characters *L'Aeugle*, *Estelle*, *La Fausse Agnès*, and *Mdlle. de Belle Isle*.—On Wednesday evening a new piece was essayed. It is entitled *Le Legs*, a most singular nomenclature, and it is as singular a production. Plot no one expects in a French piece, and therefore it is looked upon as a rarity when there happens to be one; but to have neither plot nor story is a novelty altogether. The piece *Le Legs* consists simply and

solely of a lover (Lemadre) who is engaged to marry a certain young lady or forfeit two thousand francs, being really enamoured of a countess (Plessy); but his timidity is so great, that though he makes mention of his affection, he has not courage to demand her reply; and she, finding it hopeless to leave it to him "to pop the question," at last tells him to ask it; she replies, "*Je le veux bien*," and the curtain drops. We need hardly say that Plessy tried all her art to make something of nothing, but she could not succeed.

Choral Meeting, Exeter Hall.—On Wednesday evening the first Choral Meeting of the season took place; conducted by Mr. Hullah according to the Wilhem system. There were, we should estimate, about five hundred females and a thousand males, in classes, in the body of the hall. The platform and galleries were filled with a well-dressed auditory; and the performances went off with good effect. The first division consisted of sacred music, and lasted from a little after eight to half-past nine o'clock; when the last, or secular division commenced with "Freemen, rejoice," (Purcell.) Upon the whole, we have not much observation to make. The time was well kept, and the voices generally harmonised well. But there was, altogether, a heaviness in the singing, which wanted relief, and also a want of refinement and finish, which, indeed, was to be anticipated from the circumstances of the tuition and number and character of the pupils. We were, however, more struck by the absence of effect, or quantum of sound. Fifteen hundred throats, we had supposed, would produce a tremendous volume; but it was not so. We have heard as much done by the fifteenth part. Perhaps a greater space may be required for the development of the mass of tone—St. Paul's dome, or the open air? In theory, even this extensive hall may be too confined for the purpose; for, we presume, the atmosphere can only be charged with a certain maximum of vibration and sound; and beyond that ten thousand additional voices could not carry it?

In a moral point of view, as far as appears on the surface, we highly approve of this "singing for the million." There was marked decorum throughout the hall, and all the singers seemed in earnest with their lessons. It cannot be questioned but sol-fa-ing it to any tune is much more innocent recreation for the working classes than bawling for pints of beer and goes of gin. But we know nothing of the effects of class-meeting of the sexes; nor how these are managed.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,

OR
LONDON ONE LIE!

LESSON XII.

Good effects of Lessons. The Children chop Logic. Bad Money. Cab-fares. Porter.

Pri. As the possession of money is so essential to human happiness, it can hardly be wondered at that all classes should be driven to, at the best, very doubtful means to obtain the blessing.

Phi. Buthonesty is the best policy, you know.

Pri. So it is said; but there are so many successful rogues, that the exceptions do more than prove the rule.

Phi. I suppose there are great changes in the world since that was first written.

Aunt M. Changes are in ourselves more than in the world, my loves; as you move on through

life, from year to year, you will fancy that every thing has been altered around you; but every thing will remain pretty nearly the same, and the grand alterations will have taken place in yourselves.

Both. Dear aunt, you are as good as a parson.

Aunt M. But I don't stick so steadily to my solemn text. For example: talking of change, here are two bad pieces of silver, which the coachman, who brought us home yesterday from our walk, palmed upon me with the easy and bowing assurance that I might depend upon all being good.

Pri. Perhaps he did not know?

Aunt M. O yes he did, perfectly well. It is through such hands that the principal issue of counterfeit-coin is accomplished.

Pri. Yet nearly all these men seem to be poor.

Aunt M. And are, though often owing to their own improvidence and profligacy.

Pri. They could hardly get rich?

Aunt M. Not without lengthened industry and denial, which might raise them into another grade of society; on the contrary, very few of them are deserving, and so continue poor.

Phi. It is indeed difficult to get out of the mire.

Aunt M. Difficult, my child, for persons of every class: for poverty is a quarantine that lasts for life; and few are the cases where the party is enabled to see better days.

Phi. It appears to be better nights which these cab and coach drivers look for.

Aunt M. They are a strange set, like stablemen and boys, unlike all the rest of their species.

Pri. Pa told us that they imposed on almost every fare they took; swore that a mile was three miles, and scarcely ever made an honest charge.

Aunt M. I fear it is too true. Mr. S—, who has occasion to be much out at night, whimsically illustrates the point. He invariably finds that the nearer home he gets, the cabman (especially if wet) asks the more for his conveyance. Thus, if at Charing Cross he inquires the fare to the Colosseum, he is answered, perhaps 2s.; perhaps half-a-crown. He walks to Oxford Street, and inquires again: answer, 3s., or 3s. 6d.; and so on, till, if he arrived within half a mile of his own door, he would learn that the fare was not a farthing less than at Charing Cross or Hyde Park Corner.

Pri. These drivers are terrible drinkers of beer.

Aunt M. Aye, and here they are paid in their own coin, and dealt with as they deal with others. The porter sold in London public-houses is frightfully adulterated.

Phi. What, the nice brown stout? O I wish—

Aunt M. Listen, and you will not wish so much. That fine brown stout is sold by the publicans at the same price at which they buy it from the brewers,—and yet they live well, get rich, and build palaces!

Phi. That single fact proves a system of universal adulteration and fraud.

Aunt M. It does. The beer (among many other tricks, which I will explain to you hereafter), is diluted with water and colouring.

Phi. To make it brown?

Aunt M. To prevent the thinness of the water being apparent. The most common colouring is burnt sugar i lime-water, which makes up for the want of complexion in the reduced article. But this is not the worst, though drinking lime is not agreeable.

Pri. I have heard lime-punch highly praised.

Aunt M. That lime is a tropical fruit, my dear, something like a lemon; but smaller, and a pleasant acid. Not the mineral lime of earth, which corrodes and destroys the texture of animal bodies, helps to bleach linen, to tan leather, and to smelt metals; and cannot be supposed very wholesome taken inwardly.

Phi. Certainly not; but you said there was yet worse.

Aunt M. Green vitriol (sulphate of iron) is added to give the froth, so much prized by the lower orders of beer-drinkers, a brownish tint. Instead of this, many add a mixture of salt and sugar, which enables the porter, as received from the brewer, to bear one third of water.

Pri. Gracious!

Aunt M. This is not all, nor nearly all: there is a preparation sold in paste, and termed the *Doctor*. It consists of molasses, salt, and *coccus Indicus*—a vile intoxicating and poisonous Indian berry; so powerful as to have been used to poison water during the retreat of Asiatic enemies, and to intoxicate fish.

Phi. Oh, very bad!

Aunt M. This *Doctor* is dissolved in water, and added to the porter: thus allowing at once extreme dilution, and imparting an intoxicating or "heady" property to the fluid.

Phi. It is almost too shocking to believe.

Aunt M. Facts speak! The son of the landlord of a well-known suburban tavern brought a potful of this mixture in paste to my friend—one of our first chemical lecturers—and begged of him to analyse it, as his "father used so large a quantity in his draught-porter, that the expense of procuring it was really serious, and he thought it could be made cheaper."

Pri. That was not very cunning in him.

Aunt M. No; he was not so knowing as some of his brethren. My able friend also informed me, that when green vitriol—copperas—has been detected in beer, the accused publican has always referred the presence of iron to the acid of the *Finings* (another villainous mystery for by and by), which are composed of sour porter, acting on the hoops of the cask. This is all nonsense,—a lie to cover a dangerous fraud.

Pri. How can it be found out?

Aunt M. Easily. A few drops of a solution of ferrocyanate of potass (a very cheap drug) added to the porter will, if iron be present, turn it greenish-blue, and so detect the cheat.

Pri. I wonder people do not try.

Aunt M. We are all so much creatures of habit, that we go on doing as others do, and take little trouble about consequences. But we must defer our porter-lesson till another opportunity; for quassia, salt of steel, alum, capsicum, grains of paradise, Spanish liquorice, hartshorn, ginger, honey, coriander, opium, tobacco, nux-vomica, &c. &c. are all ingredients of the beer which you drink (more or less) from every public-house in the county of Middlesex.

Pri. Was it to avoid bad beer that the doctor told mamma to drink so much of *Hodgson's pale ale*? Why did not he tell you to drink it also?

Aunt M. The word *mamma* may explain that, my dears. I suppose the doctor did not think what would be so good for mamma would be equally necessary for your old maiden aunt.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

As softly smiles the Queen of Night
Upon the placid waves,
The ocean-rovers hail the sight,
And leave their secret caves:

'Mid coral groves, for ever calm,
They glide beneath her beams,
Where through the boughs of the lithe sea-palm
Her silver radiance streams.

Chorus.

Then, brothers, spread the net with care,
Below a treasure lies;
And soon within our faithful snare
We'll fold the welcome prize!

What though we boast no hoards of gold,
Nor fields of yellow grain?
Ours is the wealth the billows hold,
The sea is our domain!
Content with that, with hearts elate
Our merry lays we sing;
Nor envy we the sceptred state
Of kaiser or of king.

Then, brothers, spread the net, &c.

When mortals vainly court in sleep
Some respite from their woe,
We launch our bark on the moonlit deep,
And carol as we go.

The livelong night, by her loving light,
We roam o'er the wide, wide sea;
The ocean-swarms we entice with the charms
Of our witching melody.

Then, brothers, spread the net, &c.

But when the moon hath sunk to rest
Beneath the cooling tide,
And the star of morn rears her glittering crest,
Fair as a virgin-bride,
We spread our sail to the freshening gale,
And away to land we hie:
While echoes around our song as we bound
O'er the waves so merrily, merrily.

Chorus.

Then, brothers, spread the net with care,
Below a treasure lies;
And soon within our faithful snare
We'll fold the welcome prize!

R. B. S.

VARIETIES.

Conversazione:—St. Thomas's Hospital.—We accepted an invitation for Wednesday evening, to hear a lecture by Dr. George Gregory, "on the laws which govern the mode and rate of decay in the human frame." He divided his subject into four chief heads: natural decay—premature decay—rapid decay by acute disease from unseen causes—and rapid decay from open causes, or violence. The statistics of disease and death are not often discussed in our columns, nor are we now going to follow Dr. Gregory through the details of his luminous discourse, but merely to touch upon two or three salient points, shadowing design and laws. The diseases producing premature decay are principally what are termed zymotic, from a tendency or likeness to fermentation: the chief of these is consumption. Hitherto there has been no explanation given of the source of this distressful malady; it is still a mystery: the effects, however, are singularly uniform, and are manifested over the whole world. Warm climate or cold, periodically changing or variable always, pulmonary affections prevail, and to a greater extent than in England in several places of lower latitude. But it is the extraordinary uniformity in the annual number of fatal cases of consumption that evidence a ruling Power; and for the years 1838, 1839, and 1840, in this country they bear a most striking unity of relation to the total mortality. A like uniformity is found where it might be least expected—under the last head, or deaths by violence. For the same years they varied but slightly—each year giving about 32 in every thousand deaths. Bearing upon this point also, it is curious to observe that the sources of rapid decay from unseen causes, termed epidemics, endemics, miasms, &c., have certain relations the one to the other: for instance, one only rages at a time; when small-pox or scarlet fever is general and fatal, measles or hooping-cough is rare and mild, and so for each. The introduc-

tion of the cow-pox, the mildest of diseases, and the breaking out and spread of the cholera, one of the most malignant, within a short period of each other, is another striking fact in the history of maladies, in support of a ruling Providence. We may select other cases, but wherefore here multiply instances? the inquiring mind finds ample evidence of Divine power seek where he will, in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. At the conclusion of Dr. Gregory's interesting paper there were exhibitions and explanations of the circular polarisation of Biot, by Dr. Leeson, and of several microscopic objects, for the instruction and amusement of a very numerous company.

Caricatures.—Busy times for H.B.: four novelties. Race between the Hare and the Tortoise towards "free-trade." Sir Robert as the slower animal has reached the goal, whilst Lord John as the swifter is running right away from it. No. 766, "When L—(ondon) moves to C—(anterbury), why should not E—(xeter) move to L—(ondon)?" The Bishop of Exeter on an easy chair in a brown study, and by no means a flattering likeness. The title is "A Problem not in Euclid." No. 767, "A Cutter for Sale," is a novelty in H.B.'s style. The cutter, from its figure-head and broom at the mast-head, is Lord Brougham; Wellington and Peel, as sailors, seem very doubtful as to purchasing. Their figures are very good. The last is on a larger scale, and a grand classical-mythological "Song of Triumph," after Rubens. Lord Ellenborough (we believe) as Bacchus or Silenus, is borne through gloriously by Wellington, Peel, Emmerson Tennent, and other ministerial allies, whilst Brougham in front is blowing the double-pipe in splendid style.

The Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, with H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by the Marquis of Clanricarde and other patrons of the drama, was wonderfully attended on Wednesday; and, after a touching address from Mr. Harley, realised the handsome subscription of about 900l.

Royal Free Hospital.—We rejoice to see considerable exertions made to support this truly charitable institution as it deserves. At a public meeting on Saturday, Lord R. Grosvenor presiding, a liberal subscription was commenced to defray the expenses, &c., of fitting up the roomy premises lately secured for the reception of sufferers in Gray's Inn Road.

Education, Science, and the Arts.—By a statement just laid upon the table of the House of Commons of the estimates for 1843-4 for the purposes of education, science, and art, it appears that there will be required for public education in Great Britain, 50,000l.; ditto in Ireland, 50,000l.; schools of design, 4411l.; professors at Oxford and Cambridge, 2006l.; University of London, 5148l.; Universities, &c., in Scotland, 7380l.; Roman Catholic College in Scotland, 8928l. [?]; Royal Irish Acad., 300l.; Royal Hibernian Academy, 300l.; Royal Dublin Society, 5600l.; Belfast Academical Society, 1950l.; British Museum establishment, &c., 32,576l.; ditto buildings, 37,485l.; ditto purchases, 5275l.; National Gallery, purchase of pictures and expense of the Gallery, 1600l.; Museum of Economic Geology, 2008l.; and Scientific Works and Experiments, 4000l.—the total for the year 1843-4 is 210,967l. The total for 1841-2 was 212,524l.; and for 1842-3, 210,889l.

Home-Earthquakes.—The earthquake on the morning of Friday, the 17th (twenty minutes past 1 o'clock, A.M.), was very sensibly felt at and about Kensal in Westmoreland. It seems

from the provincial accounts to have been preceded by considerable atmospheric agitation a few hours before, there being a yellowish blaze in the elements and a strong rushing wind. The shock was felt in the Isle of Man, accompanied by a rumbling noise and other meteorological phenomena.

A Desecration.—"Some twenty years ago," said a buxom dame, shewing us the antiquities of Dartford Church, "we lived in that old building you see through the windows there. It was in ancient times part of the nunnery." "There are some strange old things in such places," remarked we, inquiringly. "You may say that, sir," replied she; "and when we left, I wouldn't leave them behind me. I pulled down the whole Trojan War—Hector and Andromache, sir—tapestry-hangings, all worked by the nuns; beautiful, sir." "Yes—well! have you sold them? have you them yet? where are they?" "Bless your heart, sir! they are wore out long ago! I cut them up, and made carpets of 'em." Oh! oh! oh!—we groaned in spirit—parted Hector and Andromache, and made carpets of them!

Quackery.—At a recent party, a warm hydropathist was pressing J— with such eye-witnessed cures, that it was difficult, without being rude, to parry the conclusions. At length he said, "You seem to be a determined enemy to all improvements, and condemn every new doctrine as foolish innovation." "You are quite mistaken," answered J—, "relieved by the general charge; on the contrary, I adhere to them all. I am as strong for hydropathy as you are; but then I apply it homeopathically, which is quite as well vouched. You wet your sheets, I put a drop of water on the furthest corner; you drink a bucket of the pure well night and morning, I divide one globule between the two." The neophyte hydropathist had nothing more to say.

The last Hiberno-Americanism.—"I wonder, Paddy, how the d—l they can make iced cakes! asked a nigger attendant at a grand rout. "Asy," answered Pat, "quite asy: they bake them in a cowl oven."

There is a mammoth sleigh in New York, which will hold sixty persons, and is drawn by twelve grey horses, all of which are driven by one man; this team costs the "bucks" sixty dollars for an evening's "lark," exclusive of mulled wine at a five-spot per couple.—*Bosion Evening Bulletin.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The King of Prussia has, we hear, transmitted a gold medal, bearing his portrait, to the author of "Frederick the Great," &c., "in token" of his approbation of the "meritorious work."

In the Press.—Three Years' Calcutta, by G. W. Johnson, Esq.—A new nautical novel, with the title of the Lost Ship; or, the Wreck of the Atlantic, by the author of "Cavendish."—Greek Coins of Cities and Princes, geographically arranged and described, in monthly Parts, by J. Yonge Akerman, F.S.A., &c.—A Compendious Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary, by the Rev. J. Bosworth, D.D., &c.—A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbial Expressions, Ancient Customs, &c., from the Fourteenth Century, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.—A Classified and elucidated Summary of Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Works and Phenomena of Nature, by J. H. Fennell, Esq.—Pedigrees of the Nobility and Gentry of the County of Herts, by W. Berry.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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